



THE HISTORIE Henry the fourth.

Enter the King, Lord Iohn of Lancaster, Earl of
merland, with others.

King.

SO shaken as we are so wan with care,
Finde we a time for frightened peace to pare,
And breath short winded accents of new
To be commenc't in stronds a farre remote
No more the thirsty entrance of this soile,
Shall dawbe her lips with her own childrens blo
No more shall trenching warre channell her fie
Norbruiſe her flourets with the armed hoofes
Of hostile paces: those opposed eyes,
Which like the Meteors of a troubled heauen,
All of one nature, of one substance bred,
Did lately meete in the intestine shocke,
And furious close of ciuill butcherie,
Shall now in mutuall welbeseeming ranks,
March all one way, and be no more oppos'd
Against acquaintance, kindred and all eyes,
The edge of war, like an ill sheathed knife,
No more shall cut his master: therefore friends,
As far as to the sepulchre of Christ,
Whose souldier now vnder whose blessed crosse
We are impresled and ingag'd to fight,
Forthwith a power of English shall we leuy,
Whose armes were moulded in their mothers wombe
To chase these Pagans in those holy fieldes,
Ouer whose acres walkt those blessed feet,

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